THE

Registered No. M. 476

Wednesday Review

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SOCIETY, SCIENCE, Etc.

Vol. XV
No. 19.

21 May, 1919.

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HEAD OFFICE.—3, Main Guard Road, Teppakulam, Trichinopoly.
LONDON AGENTS:—W. M. Dawson and Sons Ltd., Cannon Street, London E. C.

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We may be permitted to state that the views of our contributors and correspondents do not necessarily reflect the policy of the Wednesday Review.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Franchise Committee had rather a ticklish task in making their recommendations in regard to what is called communal representation. On principle communal representation is not to be desired as it is against the spirit and genius of British rule in India wcich has all along aimed at welding the different communities into a national whole. But they went against that spirit when they conceded special representation to the Mahomedans under the Minto-Morley Scheme. And now that they have extended it to the Sikhs they cannot logically refuse the privilege to whoever may ask for it. The Committee do not support the claim for separate electorates for minor communities and the majority of the Committee are opposed to special representation to the Mahrattas. We suppose the Mahrattas are as important a community as the Sikhs and if the latter should be accorded the privilege in recognition of their martial traditions, the Mahrattas are no less entitled to it for a similar reason. In fact, the reasons alleged for special representation of the larger communities hold good for the smaller ones also and the grounds on which the Committee recommend it for particular communities are as unconvincing as their grounds for refusing it to certain others. It is a vast deal amusing to watch the efforts of the Committee to crawl out of the quandary prepared for them by the terms of reference. In refusing minority representation to the Lingayets, the Committee argue that 'this organised community will find no difficulty in securing representation through a general electorate in the districts where they are numerous.' A similar consolation is offered to the non-Brahmins of Madras. It is argued 'the non-Brahmin exceed the Brahmin electors in the proportion of at least 4 to 1. We cannot but think that, if the capacity already devoted to politics among the non-Brahmins were utilized in organising this great majority the non-Brahmins would in no long space of time find that such a preponderance of votes would make itself effectually felt despite the power and influence of the Brahmins'. But the Committee do not seem to be sure of their ground. In referring to the refusal of the leaders of the non-Brahmin movement to appear before them, the Committee observe 'we should have been glad, even perhaps at the cost of the disregard of sound constitutional forms, to have attempted some acceptable arrangement. The refusal of these leaders to appear at our inquiry deprived us of all power of intervention and made a settlement by consent impossible'. In another place the Committee assure us that before they visited Madras

they had received a considerable body of representations on the question and had posted themselves well on it. But then they regret they had to give an ex-parte judgment for lack of appearance. And they recommend communal representation to certain communities 'in the hope that it will be possible at no very distant date to merge all communities into one large electorate'. It is an idle hope, as the Committee must know, and when once the policy of communal representation is adopted, there can be no holding back and the hope of merging all communities into one general electorate must recede with time. That part of the report which deals with the subject of communal representation is a pitiful medley of false arguments, regrets and confessions, and Parliament can extract no more light out of it than from a cucumber.

In our leading article we deal with the general worthlessness of the recommendations contained in the Southborough Committees' Reports. After all, the Committees are not to blame for it. They were handicapped from the very outset by their terms of reference. Frankly they were told that they were to use their discretion within the four corners of the joint report of the Secretary of State and the Viceroy. Beyond that they were not permitted to go. Besides, in making their enquiry and drawing up their report the Committees had to race against time and it needs no showing that these limitations of time and discretion have made their Reports of little or no value. We are glad that the Government of India have in their despatch to the Secretary of State made the position of the Committees clear. 'As you will see,' they point out, 'the work of the Committee has not to any great extent been directed towards the establishment of principles. In dealing with the various porblems that came before them they have usually sought to arrive at agreement rather than to base their solution upon general reasonings. It was no doubt the case that the exigencies of time alone made any other course difficult for them. But in dealing with their proposals we have to ask ourselves the question whether the results of such methods are intended to be in any degree permanent.' The same question will present itself to others also who have to read up the Reports. We suppose the main purpose of the appointment of the Committee ostensibly at any rate was to examine the proposals of the Montague-Chelmsford Scheme in the light of the existing facts. But nothing in that way has been done. All that the Committee have attempted to do is to find the material, most of it imaginary, to build up the scheme with and it is no cause of surprise that in the end the attempt has failed. The composition of the Committees was such that most of the members had no Indian experience and their Indian colleagues were politicians of a particular hue. And it was not therefore possible for them to bring to bear on their Report a first-hand knowledge of Indian conditions. In the measure in which they have failed to do so the value of their Report has depreciated. And the the British Parliament will not have in the Report a substantial foundation to go upon in drafting the necessary legislation in regard to Indian administrative reform.

The illogicality of the position taken up by the Southborough Committee in regard to the Franchise is apparent at every turn. We have shown in what hopeless muddle they are in respect of communal representation. In many instances the same reasoning is employed both for conceding communal representation and for refusing it. It is a mental feat which we do not certainly envy. The Franchise Committee do not think it necessary for small minorities to enjoy the privilege of elected representatives. But if their franchise proposals are closely analysed they lead to certain crude absurdities which we are glad the Government of India have mercilessly exposed. According to the Committee's proposals nine Sikh electors will have the privilege of returning a member to each Legislative Chamber while half a dozen landholders in the United Provinces will be enabled to elect a representative to the Council of State at each election. While special representation is to go to electorates consisting of nine voters and six voters we do not know with what face can the Committee refuse the concession to minorities, vastly greater in number. We shall give one other instance of the lack of logic in the Committee's recommendations. They ostentatiously say that they will not approve of the appointment of a nominated member as minister under the diarchy that is to be, on the ground that he cannot be taken as a representative. Evidently there is no objection to the choice falling upon the representative of the university or a corporation. If a member who has been returned bp a small body like the University or a Municipal Corporation can be accepted as a general representative of a whole province and considered to be fit to be posted as a Minister we do not see why a member nominated by the Government to represent a minority or a special interest should be looked upon as a non-representative member and excluded from the category of those who would be considered under the scheme to be fit to be chosen as Ministers.

In concluding their despatch to the Secretary of State on the proposals of the Franchise Committee, the Government of India observe that there are proposals in the Committee's report which they cannot endorse without further inquiry and they desire more investigation into the constitution of

the Indian legislature and the method of election for the Council of State. The Government of India therefore recommend that opinions of the Local Governments and of the the public generally be obtained upon the Committee's report and their despatch, before action is taken. We trust the significance of the Government of India's observation will not be lost upon the British Cabinet and Parliament. When the Government here themselves confess that they require further investigation before they could endorse the proposals of the Committee, the British Cabinet can easily see that the Southborough Committee could not have possessed greater knowledge of Indian conditions. We do not know why Sir Sankaran Nair objects to further public criticism in India on the Committee's report. If his ground for the objection be that further criticism may delay the introduction of a reform bill, we cannot agree with him, as really there is no hurry for introducing a bill and an ill-digested legislative measure may do more harm than delayed legislation. But Sir Sankaran Nair would leave the matter to the decision of the authorities in England. There can be no objection to that course, if the authorities in England promise not to proceed with legislation with the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme and the Southborough reports as the basis. The only judicious course would be to appoint a Select Committee of Parliament to examine in detail the proposals contained in the joint-report without wasting their time our the Southborough reports. Nor should the Select Committee be guided by what the nondescript deputations who are on their way to England have to say. To our mind the evidence of those who want to have a bill passed through Parliament helter-skelter is to be altogether discredited.

Home rulers here will hardly thank the Editor of *India* for attributing the Punjab riots to the exasperation of the people at official measures like the Rowlatt Act. He says the riots were not altogether unexpected and in effect condones the rioters by explaining that it was scarcely to be expected that they would remain silent under the many blows that have fallen upon them. While the home rulers are at great pains to show that the riots are not due to any disaffection of the people with the Government or the effect of passive resistance but largely the making of outside influences, their accredited organ attributes it to causes which they are anxious to repudiate. And they are in a fix. If the riots are to be attributed to the passing of the Rowlatt Act, then they will be a sufficient argument for the retention of the Act, as such a piece of legislation is necessary to put down anarchical outbursts. If it be argued that they have nothing to do with the Rowlatt Act, then it shows that the agitation against it is artificial and superficial and the masses of the population do not care. Home rulers will have therefore to give up their game of engineering agitation against official measures and disclaiming all responsibility for the consequences of it. The same paper pays a doubtful compliment to Mr. Ghandi in taking objection to the *Times* characterising him as a misguided and excitable fanatic. It says he is nothing of the sort and he could not create unrest if the conditions were not ready to his hand. That means that Mr. Ghandi is shrewd enough to see wherever there is inflammable material and excite it. We do not know if Mr. Ghandi will care to accept this picture of him even from so friendly a quarter. Both Mr. Ghandi himself and his friends and admirers are anxious to make it known to the world at large that he is the last man to create unrest and if his *Satyagraha* movement has led to tragedy in the Punjab and elsewhere he did not bargain for it, and some other cause must be attributed to the unrest. But *India* has in its admiration for the hero given a description of him which both he and his friends will at once repudiate. Our contemporary agrees with the *Westminster Gazette's* view that it is useless to hold that all this disorder is the work of designing agitators hiding behind the dreams of a relatively harmless visionary and the petticoats of a hysterical woman-poet. That is to say, that Mr. Ghandi is not a visionary nor harmless at that and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu weighs well her words in her several orations to the mobs and that the riots are not the work of designing agitators but the deliberate out come of a policy of repression pursued by the Government. If our comtemporary is right in its diagnosis then the authorities here are hardly to blame for the measures they have taken in suppressing the disorder. This may not perhaps be the conclusion which our contemporary will like to admit or relish but the logic it employs irresistibly leads to it.

The London *Times* writes:—Conscience not only notes the distinction between right and wrong, it takes sides about them, It speaks in imperatives. The terms it employs are "Thou shalt," "Thou shalt not." Moreover, it manifests the moral significance of what we do. It will warn, persuade, plead, but sooner or later it commands, and when we have acted it judges, either to approve or to condemn. Conscience has always the last word. That is true so far as a man's self-judgment is concerned. Yet, in fact, conscience is but an anticipation in the court of a man's soul of that final sentence of the Judge who is the source of all law, of Him who knows what is in man and whose judgment informed by infinite knowledge utters that final sentence against which there is no appeal. We accept Butler's ringing assertion of the supremacy of conscience. "Had it strength as it has right, had it power as it has manifest authority, it would absolutely govern the world." Yet conscience's sovereignty is subject to a Higher Tribunal.

THE
Wednesday Review

WEDNESDAY, 21 MAY, 1919.

THE SOUTHBOROUGH COMMITTEES' REPORTS.

THE Southborough Committees' reports are only another instance of the costly futility of the process employed by Mr. Montagu to bolster up his scheme of reform. As an impartial examination of the scheme, the reports are altogether worthless. The terms of reference to the Committees gave them no choice but to make out a case for the proposals contained in the joint-report of Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford. The Committees make their position clear when they say: "It is laid down in our reference that we are to be guided by the principles enunciated in certain paragraphs of the joint-report of Your Excellency and the Secretary of State." After this candid admission it must not be difficult for the British Cabinet and Parliament to appraise the recommendations of the Southborough Committees at their true value. They are merely an amplified echo of the joint-report and as such cannot be more enlightening in respect of Indian conditions which Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford either do not understand or coolly ignore in formulating their scheme of reform. If the British Cabinet are going to adopt the Southborough reports as a basis for a reform bill they may as well adopt the joint-report as it stands and rush it through Parliament. The joint-report and Southborough Committees' recommendations are an argument in a circle and it is impossible to conceive of a more jejune way of handling a grave constitutional and administrative problem. The Secretary of State has all along acted not as a statesman but as a party politician in a hurry. His nonchalant attitude towards the tragic happenings in the Punjab and his replies to questions generally in Parliament on Indian affairs do not mark him out as a statesman who can discharge his trust with impartiality and without political prejudice. He tours in India for a few weeks, draws up an ambitious scheme of reform, has understanding enough to appreciate the difficulties in the way of foisting on the country a brand new system of administration but brushes them aside in his misguided zeal for reform, rushes back to England and appoints a couple of Committees, binds them to his own pet scheme, charges them with the duty of making out a case for it; and he will now say that his scheme has the support of two independent committees. This is the whole story of the reform scheme, and yet there are people who pretend that if the particular scheme is not passed by Parliament at this instant, there will be a cataclysm in India. It is, therefore, incumbent on those who wish to advance the country by cautious and well-defined stages towards self-government, to educate public opinion in England on the true facts of the situation in India and tell them in unequivocal terms that the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme if adopted, will only help to precipitate the country into unutterable political chaos by handing its destinies over to political adventurers and anarchical politicians who have no stake in the country. It must be admitted that the spirit of the scheme is unexceptionable but the changes proposed are not in keeping with the basic idea of the declaration of the 20th August 1917. The declaration emphatically points out that the goal of self-government can be reached only by successive stages. We do not believe that the Southborough reports deserve any detailed examination and criticism. As we have said they are only an echo of the joint-report and contain no fresh argument nor do they bring out any fresh facts in favor of the proposals. It would appear that the Local Governments and the Government of India do not see eye to eye with the Southborough Committees in their recommendations. Especially on the proposal to entrust certain subjects to be called transferred subjects to ministers chosen from the elected members of the Legislative Council, opinion is sharply divided; and we are glad that the Madras Government are totally opposed to the idea. The other Governments suggest alternatives which we fear will in no way improve matters. We devoutly hope that this mad proposal will be dropped as we do not hesitate to say that the proposal is fraught with great evil and it is supported by certain politicians in India because of the chance of place it may give them. Again, in regard to the widening of the electorate with a population 96 per cent of which is illiterate, the recommendations of the Committee are as oblivious of the true situation as the proposals of Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford. The magic wand of the Southborough Committees will bring into existence 542,000 electors in the Madras Presidency alone as against 7000 and odd, the present number. The authors of the joint report themselves say that it is impossible to create all at once a large electorate out of a population of which only about 2 per cent are literate and the intelligent exercise of the vote must come with education. For aught we know, education has not spread so vast or so fast since Mr. Montagu visited India or since the Southborough Committees held their inquiry, as to justify the enfranchisement of 542,000 persons. This fact alone must convince the British Cabinet of the unwisdom of building a scheme of reform on the Montagu-Chelmsford proposals or their echo, the Southborough Reports.

THE INDIAN MUSICIAN.

By G. K.

Ah! the Indian Musician! The unapproachable! *Par Excellent* performer on the lute! He is to me a haunting memory of childhood days. Dark, lean, with glowing eyes far too sunken to be beautiful, with stringy neck and biceps, a famished looking old man, whose ribs you could count as you could do the venetians of your window doors. He wore a string of *rudraksh* around his emaciated neck and a resplendent caste-mark on his wrinkled forehead. Not much to look at I own. But I can tell you, he played like an Angel!

He could touch and tune the lute, the Indian *Veena*, as no one ever did before and evoke the melodies from its gleaming wires not of this world. I met him every morning in the hall where he taught music to my father and the sweet treble of the perfectly tuned *Veena* mingled with the wealth of its trills with the morning breeze and created a harmony rare as the delight of dreamland.

I wondered with childish glee how the long skinny fingers of his left hand scuttled crab-wise with lightning speed on the innumerable stops of the *Veena* while the fingers of the right strummed in unerring precision and how he pulled the strings now and again to imitate the inflections of the human voice. I thought him to be a super-human being and listened to the ravishing tunes with a childish rapture pressing my cheeks to the bars of the huge window facing the river. This put the coping-stone on my earthly felicity. Those delicious and dreamy moments! The flowing river beneath breaking into a thousand ripples and ending in mazes of countless curls at it kissed the wall below, the sun-lit room softly gliding against the current to the soft glow music of the *Veena*. It was a dream-land of childhood suddenly come true full of light and life. Now alas! a memory, a thing of the past only leaving a lingering perfume in the corridors of Time!

The old man to my great amusement would now and then stop playing and screw up his face as he wound the pins of the *Veena*, till his sharp ear caught the requisite sweetness. And then his face was terrific to see. Those luminous eyes stared somewhere far away in the unknown land and those mobile lips screwed themselves to a shrivelled starry dot between his sunken cheeks. When the thing was right he suddenly smiled and poured forth a flood of fresher and sweeter melody than before. A simple soul, he seemed to live on music and nothing else. He was as elusive as the tunes he played and as untangible.

Years rolled on. I forgot the old man in the rush of events. One evening I caught sight of him in my garden. A sudden rush of happy memories! I ran to greet the musician, to welcome the dispenser of delights, the music master of my father in the days long gone by.

He stood still. A battered pathetic figure he looked tossed and retossed by the tide of Time. My heart went out to him, but he did not recognise me. He simply looked at me and laughed.

"My palanquin is there and they have come. I am going to wed the king's daughter, don't you know", said the man in broken excited accents and laughed a low ugly laugh and looked far away.

He lurched forward and shambled along muttering to himself the details of the glorious paraphernalia of kinghood of gold and purple and gloated over a vision I could not see.

"I am the Emperor" said he stopping short and turned to the musings of a mad man!

It was to me a most painful sight, the votary at the shrine of sweet harmony a prey to the sickening tempest of madness! It was unthinkable. Was madness after all the crowning glory of this wonderful musician? Man is wonderfully and fearfully made! How true! A darkness seemed to have fallen on the unhappy man and he was not of this world. So I left the poor old musician to his musings.

But to me the memory of the man, the marvellous musician who captivated my young heart will ever remain undimmed and bright, a cherished dream of my happy childhood.

NATIONALITY.

By 'Workman'.

The scientific problem to which the attention of nations is being directed with a view to establishing sane World-Government appears to admit of the following enunciation:—

Determine:

> When humanity cheerfully yields to the attractive polarity of friendly co-operation, regulated from a centre, as against the opposite polarity of repulsion due to free will, tending to drive the separate bodies uncontrolled to unlimited space!

If the solution hitches on the satisfaction of humanity's needs and desires, it may be said, that notwithstanding the irresponsibility of the individual for his creation, and the disappointments of life, he almost universally desires to continue to exist. Accordingly he is attracted to all who help him to attain his desires; the only limit to his gratitude being the price he is expected to pay!

A price, that to any serious extent shortens his life or the pleasure to be derived from it, lessens the attraction to the centre.

So his chances of survival and the *joi de vivre* are considerably advanced, if he can freely choose a centre which has most attraction to him; and can change it as often as its delights become stale. There is also enhanced pleasure to be got with the liberty of a free run-over the neighbour's well-

stocked premises, if it can be managed without paying anything for value recived.

Unfortunately the neighbour's polarity is entirely in opposition to this kind of attraction, especially when he has acquired his stocks by co-operation and the sacrifice of some portion of his freedom.

So the would-be free lance, whether he wills it or no finds no place for his existence, unless he yields some freedom in return for the benefits to be derived from co-operative work ruled from a centre. Again, it is against nature and the laws of the universe, that masses of humanity can exist without negative intelligence being attracted to a centre of Positive Intelligence causing bodies to rotate round it; thus forming castes, working parties, territorial and other organisations.

Next, as the first need of humanity is food, and it can only be produced by co-operative union for work on fixed areas of land, those born on the land naturally claim to develop it, and establish rule over it from a centre. These forming the element of nationality, evidently require freedom from interruption in the interest of production. But equally clear is it, that there is no guarantee for such immunity from interruption unless all combine to insure themselves against it,—even at some sacrifice of freedom,—by organsing from a centre.

This is exactly what President Wilson is trying to teach European States as an essential preliminary to the abolition of feudalism, and the substitution of a rule of co-operation through the medium of the 'Advisory Centre' of the League, proposed to be located in Switzerland.

The main purpose behind the propaganda is to stimulate local economic competition for supply, by increasing the number of producing centres, and rendering them safe from attack.

The opportunity to arrange for it occurs from the universal desire of nationality everywhere for freedom to join in co-operative work and international trade and the exchanges of produce, on its own responsibility.

But it means a complete revolution of aggressive working organisations and systems, and overcoming the inertia of old procedures and methods, while guarding against trouble in making the changes. The processes can only be gradually carried out. We must therefore not be disconcerted at Italy's claims to Fiume, in face of the general economic proposition that all States must have free access to the sea, subject to equal mileage rates by home and foreign railways, and no undue discriminatory terminal charges.

In a previous understanding about the Railway Inter-State traffic probably many difficulties arising out of racial claims to command trade routes would disappear.

The arrangements for Inter-State distribution of products on land are as important as those ensuring delivery to shipping. The problem therefore is as much-or more-one for Railway Traffic managers, as for diplomatists in reconstructing territorial charges, and for the League of States in guarding their separate autonomies.

Beyond this, again, is a tangled web of interests under old treaties made by Powers that have disappeared, that could only be unravelled in course of time by the Administration charged with new conditions under the League.

If this illustrates some of the difficulties in settling distracted Europe, we must not lose sight of the necessity for the League to prevent Inter-Continental complications through the action of Trade-Touts Adventurers, unlicensed, to exploit the rest of the world, as has been done in the past. Nothing of this sort should be permitted to the individual, apart from his responsibility to his Government, and his Government's responsibility to the League of Nations; else Asia and Africa will be over-run by hosts of 'Agents' stirring up discord, for occult purposes, in every direction. We see the beginning of it in the Afghan attack.

Every nationality and people, where sane government exists, are henceforward interested to see that a free run over their premises is not open to political meddlers, interferring between them and their governments; hoping to influence trade competitions, and to secure monopolies, by occult means.

If you want to know something about these means, we may look at page 272 of "The Major" by Ralph Connor (Hodder and Stoughton 1917) showing the action of the '*Delbruck Law*', designed to preserve to Germany, a lien on the loyalty and services of Germans for War and Trade purposes, admitted to citizenship in the United States and Canada!

PERIODICALS REVIEWED.

THE EMPIRE REVIEW.

The April number of the *Empire Review* opens with notes on "Problems of Industry." On the subject on "Small Holdings and Co-operation" the writer says that small holdings have been successful in several countries and what other nationalities have done Englishmen can do. For the Government to dump men down on the land without providing them with the necessary co-operative organisation would merely be to court disaster, and it is satisfactory to know that this aspect of the case is fully appreciated by the Board of Agriculture. Lord Ernle has indicated his preferenee for a scheme of profit-sharing whereby a number of separate small-holders should cultivate an estate and divide the profits. The establishment of small holdings in groups will be both more economical, and at the same

time assist towards the development of the co-operative idea.

In a paper on "The Channel Tunnel" Sir Arthur Fell, M. P. writes on the advantages of the scheme and says that it will increase the trade of all the western countries of Europe with each other to an unknown extent.

Writing on "The Constitutional Changes of India" Sir Harold Stuart points out the various difficulties that impede Indian progress.

Other articles of interest are "The Dominious and Foreign Affairs" by Mr. D. A. E. Veal and "Khaki Univerisity of Canada" by Col. H. M. Tory.

THE MYSORE ECONOMIC JOURNAL.

The April issue of the *Mysore Economic Journal* begins with an article on "Sir Rabindranath Tagore's views on some Educational questions." He says that modern life is killing the Hindus and the Mahomedans of their love of communion with nature. The cultivation of the emotional side of man, weeding out the base passions, is too far neghlected so that we find ourselves more and more in the grip of materialism.

Writing on "Reconstruction in Great Britiain" Mr. Arnold Wright says that manufacturers in England are making their preparations to take advantage of the boom that is expected in trade as soon as the Peace Treaty is concluded. So far as India is concerned, "Young India like young Britain must equip itself with greater scientific efficiency for, the new struggle upon which we are entering for commercial supremacy. The day is past when any country can be great by living in the past. The future belongs to those who can turn to the best account the resources of nature and unravel most effectively its still unrevealed secrets."

Sir Henry Rew puts in a plea for the development of agricultural organisation and says that whatever the future may bring it is clear that farmers will find combination not less necessary than before and that in developing that form of it which is commonly known as co-operation, they will be found in their day and generation.

Among other articles of interest are "Lac Cultivation in Mysore" by Rao Sahib M. Rama Rao, "Openings for Young Mem" by Mr. Satyawadi and "Life Assurance in India".

CROUP.

This disease is so dangerous and so rapid in its development that every mother of young children should be prepared for it. It is very risky to wait until the attack of croup appears and then send for medicine and let the child suffer until it can be obtained. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is prompt and effectual and has never been known to fail in any case. Always have a bottle in the home. For sale by all Chemists and Storekeepers.

SELECTIONS.

THE FAKIR AND THE CARPET.

Some years ago, a little pale-faced, blonde-haired, shy-eyed country parson's daughter, whom we will call Lucy Lansbury (as I am not at liberty to mention her real name) married an Indian civilian a good deal older than herself, and went straight away with him from her "dead-alive" Devonshire village to the fascinating and mysterious East.

India, that land of strange folk and curious happenings, seemed, from the first, a more than ordinarily agitating and bewildering kind of place to shy nervous little Lucy; and her ultra-sensitiveness, oft-times degenerating into absolute repugnance towards sights, sounds and conditions which experienced Anglo-Indians take as a matter of course, irritated her husband not a little though he hoped in time she would grow more accustomed to her new surroundings.

The following strange occurrence, which happened soon after her marriage, was related, word for word, by Lucy herself, and even now she can scarcely mention India without a shudder.

Their long sea-journey over, the newly wedded couple had made their way upward from the plains by a variety of roads and modes of locomotion—train, palanquin, or horseback, to Hugh Lansbury's comfortably furnished bungalow situated at the northern and more civilized end of his large and decidedly scattered "district," having miles of virgin jungle and forest upon the one side and a vast stretch of sandy plain upon the other.

"All the same, my dear, the place isn't quite so drear and desolate as it looks," remarked Hugh to his wife. "Neripur, though that' only a little station, is within driving distance more or less, and there are one or two planters and their wives near by who are quite pleasant and sociable people. The bungalow, likewise, isn't half a bad little abode—I'have had it redecorated throughout by the best firm in Calcutta," he added wistfully, "while as for the gardens, not even your well-beloved one at the Rectory at home can show a finer stock of flowers".

To all of which suggessions, Lucy, who was not only a born gardener but a proud and delighted little home-maker as well, most cordially agreed.

Yet, at that every critical moment, when she and her husband drove in through the gates of "Bon Kepos" and caught their first glimpse of its verdant and flowery splendour, Fate held a new and totally unforeseen terror in store for the commissioner's young bride.

Once within the drive, the newly arrived pair dismissed both syce and dogcart, preferring to walk up to the house, when out of the grass at their very feet rose a lean and repulsive figure, stark-naked save for a filthy loin-cloth wrapped

around its emaciated thighs, face and shoulders half shrouded amidst a mass of shaggy matted hair, and nails so long they reminded Lucy of nothing so much as a bird of prey's cruelest talons—while in one bony hand it jingled a brazen bowl, presumably for alms. The entire apparition seemed more like some nightmare figure of dreamland than a sentient human being as it sprang from its lair in the grass, and began murmuring and mouthing mysterious prayers or incantations that to the Devonshire rector's scared little daughter appeared wholly unintelligible.

Overcome with terror and surprise, and no longer able to control herself, she gave vent to a wild scream, covering her face with her hands. Hugh Lansbury—cut-and-dried Anglo-Indian as he was—felt seriously annoyed by such behaviour, and he jerked Lucy's elbow sharply.

"Really, my dear," he whispered, "you must not give way to such absurd impulses; try to control yourself, my child, and get over your fear and dislike of these brown people—they are quite harmless, I assure you. As for that ancient fakir there, though I allow that he is neither handsome nor what one would call exactly a 'drawing-room ornament,' he won't dream of hurting you, if you on your part leave him and his eccentricities alone."

"Come hither, Rami Bux," cried Hugh in fluent Hindustani, "I and my memsahib, here, would bestow on you willing 'baksheesh,' and you in turn should invoke the gods for our welfare on this, our home-coming day!" In response to which greeting the ancient mendicant aforesaid, with more strange whines and mutterings, pushed forward his bowl, and a shower of small coins from the commissioner's pocket fell into it.

"I generally give the old fellow a donation of some sort when I pass through the gate and he happens to be seated in his customary place outside that queer little hut he has built for himself under my biggest peepul tree, and no doubt he expresses his gratitude, in true oriental fashion, by calling down blessings on my devoted head. All the same, if you *don't* fancy, and wish to avoid him altogether, my dear," added Hugh Lansbury to his wife as they turned towards the rose-embowered drive—"you must just take exercise in other parts of the grounds, that's all. The old fellow never moves away from that particular pet spot of his, nor would he ever forgive me if I shifted him."

"I see, dear Hugh," replied Lucy penitently; "I'll try not to be so silly another time."

Then, almost immediately, she gripped her husband's arm in a frenzy of silent terror; for the aged fakir, who, up to that moment, had kept the rheumy eyelids half-closed across his bleared eyes, now opened them to their fullest extent, and shot a glance towards Lucy, the like of which she will never forget; for it seemed to pierce into her very soul, to hold her in a horrible thrall, dominating all her mentality. So cold, trembling, and overwrought was she, at the mere thought of having to fight such a fearful force with her slender stock of will-power, that she all but fell to the ground in a fit; her limbs shook, her delicate childish face grew grey and ashen. Even Hugh Lansbury—unimaginative phlegmatic fellow though he might be—felt alarmed by the thought that his wife might be sickening for an attack of fever. (MR. GERDA M. CALMADY-HAMLYN, *in the Occult Review*).

A LONDONER'S DREAM ON RETURNING FROM PETROGRAD.

On returning from Russia lately, having endured the discomforts of life so long, both in Russia and on my journey, my first thought was to enjoy a few luxuries of civilised life. From a good hot bath I therefore proceeded to a good hot meal to the tune of four or five glasses of port—I kept no count—and from the meal to what appeared to me a luxurious bed. Perhaps I had eaten too much, perhaps I had had too much port—I don't know which it was—but I had a dream. A dream? Perhaps I had better call it a nightmare. I dreamt that London was under the Bolsheviks

I dreamed that one sunny winter morning I was walking down the Strand. It was undoubtedly the Strand, for who having seen the Strand once can fail to recognise it again? And yet there was something about the street that made it seem strangely and utterly different. It wasn't altogether that the buildings appeared faded and shabby in the sunlight, looking as though they had not been scraped or painted for a long time, or that the street was sloppy and dirty, being filled with little mud bank of uncleared snow and little pools of dirty water which collected in the caved-in pavements. No, it wasn't that. Though, to be sure, the dirt appalling.

It was perhaps the atmosphere of the place that was different—I am not referring to the stench, which was indeed horrible, but rather to the general character of the street, hard to describe. Instead of the usual steady outpouring, in both directions, of streams of people with bright, cheery faces, the sidewalks were filled with loafers standing about inert, hands in their pockets, and with shabbily dressed, hungry-looking men and women moving at a slothful pace in an aimless kind of way. At intervals I ran into small groups of people, mostly workmen and soldiers, discussing something, interrupting one another, and gesticulating in an alarming fashion, at times almost coming to blows.

All the faces were sullen, and not a few threatening. Some looked at me with curiosity, others with open hostility. For a long time I wondered why, until observing a pair of ferocious eyes glancing at my new, bright tan boots. with particulars fierceness and avidity, I suddenly realised that this general scrutiny of me by all passers-by was due to my being dressed better than the others, also to the fact that I wore a clean white shirt and a collar. Whereupon, desiring to attract less attention, I deliberately waded through one of the puddles, while a passing omnibus, coming along squeaking for lack of oil, covered the rest of me with its flying smirch. In trying to escape this foul shower I slipped and fell, and, turning my ankle, I gave a cry of pain and made a wry face. Just then an omnibus stopped to unload passengers, and everyone in it looked at me and laughed, not in the usual good-natured way but maliciously. And no one came to give me a hand, no one seemed to care how long I lay in my helpless state. I had time to observe the omnibus. It had evidently once been red, but was now a dirty faded brown, streaked with rust. The passengers filled not only all the seats, both inside and out, but the gangways and platform as well, they also sat on the steps leading to the top, and every passenger wishing to get in or out had to fight his way. When it started away again, squeaking as before, four or five passengers were hanging on the platform step. A soldier running to catch it knocked over a woman, and did not stop to apologise. She filled the air with loud imprecations. The crowd laughed. That woman and I, lying there in the dirt, might have been no more than two poor mongrels.

A last I picked myself up and walked on, first having helped the woman up, much to her amazement. What struck me as strange was the number of kerb merchants—men, women and children—ranged along ths whole way, selling newspapers, chocolate, cigarettes, matches etc. Among these merchants were a number of well-dressed, refined-looking women, and army officers wearing the Victoria Cross and other honours but without their shoulder straps. I approched one of these under the pretext of buying a packet of cigarettes, but actually to discover the reason of their degradation.

I picked up a ten-cigarette packet, and seeing the price, one shilling, marked on the box, I took a half-crown out of my purse, and handing it to the vendor waited for my change. The man examined the coin with astonishment and said 'It's a treat to see real money again; all the same I must trouble you for another five bob.'

It was my turn to be astonished. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'Seven-and-six for ten cigarettes! And the packet is marked only one shilling.'

'That's the old price, but in these illegal days . . . Besides, I stood in the queue for about four hours to get them. Ah, we are an unfortunate people, a benighted people. . . .'

Much puzzled by his words, I fumbled in my pocket, and at last drew out of my wallet a five-pound Bank of England note. 'I am sorry, my dear man,' said I, 'but this is the smallest I have.'

'Well, that's not much for these days,' he remarked to my great astonishment, 'That's just about enough to get one a couple of meals, without wine, mind you. Well, you know what money is—rubbish!'

While he was talking he put his hand in his pocket and drew therefrom a little pile of green and yellow notes, each no larger than three by two inches. He picked out two of them and gave them to me, then plunged his hand into a bag at his side and drew out a handful of dirty, dilapidated notes and postage stamps of all denominations. Seeing me look mystified at the green notes in my hand, each of which I had time to learn was worth forty shillings, the man muttered apologetically 'I am sorry to have to give you Macdonalds, but it's the only kind I've got. The old notes are getting scarcer and scarcer.'

Then he proceeded giving the rest of my change in sixpenny notes and in postage stamps, which I noted had no gum on the back, but bore instead an inscription to the effect that they were available as currency in place of the customary copper coins.

More and more astonished, I begged the soldier-merchant for an explanation. 'What do you mean by calling these green notes the Macdonalds?'

Hardly less astonished was my informer at my question: 'You must be a stranger in these parts. Just arrived, I suppose, from some happier country than this. Surely you've heard of our Revolution, how our royalty and the old Government were overthrown, and a Provisional appointed with Ramsay Macdonald at its head. These are called Macdonalds because they were issued during his administration.'

'You say "were," from which I may assume that he and his Government are no longer in power?'

'No—worse luck! They were bad enough, well-intentioned but weak. They dilly-dallied with everything, and made a mess of things generally. But they are nothing compared with the present Government. You see, when the second Revolution came Macdonald and his advisers were overthrown and MacLenin and Trotsman took their places. Macdonald fled to Scotland and came back with an army under General Haig, but was defeated when he reached St. Albans. He has fled and is hiding somewhere. MacLenin's crowd have so far arrested about five hundred men who resemble him.'

'Tell me,' I said, thunderstruck by these unexpected tidings' 'I see that you have the Victoria Cross, the D. S. O., the Military Cross and the Legion of Honour; how is it you are not wearing your shoulder straps, and how have you came down to such a mean trade?'

'Well, may you ask the question,' came the sad response, 'but I'm not the only one. There are hundreds like me in the same boat. The "comrades," as they call themselves, have done that for me, and I've saved about fifty of the bounders myself when the Germans were upon us near Amiens, so help me God! You see, when MacLenin and Trotsman disorganised our fine army with their pernicious propaganda, they preached to them that all men were alike, that one man was not better than another, and that sort of thing; and so we officers, every man of us, had our stars taken from us by those "comrade" fellows. I was a Captain, and I've come down to this. But we've come off easily, compared with some of the famous civilians. There's Viscount Grey, and Asquith, and Lloyd George, and—; every blessed one of them is kept in the Tower' they are called "counter-revolutionaries," and liable to be shot any day. And not only they, but all the cultured chaps are having a hard time of it. Well, I dare say you've heard of H. G. Wells—to think of a brainy man like that in jail, counter-revolutionary—that's what he is called. It would be more easy to give you a list of those who are not in jail. Look at that nice girl over yonder selling papers. She spent all her time doing good among the poor. And see that chap over there in spats selling shoestrings, he invented—'

Suddenly the rapid staccato of machine-gun fire sounded through the air, drawing nearer. There was a commotion among the crowd, until uow listless.

'Take cover,' shouted my acquaintance, pulling me along by the arm down an Underground entrance. It's those "comrade" bounders coming.'

In spite of expostulations I remained standing on the stairs and glanced furtively down the street, which had suddenly become deserted. An extraordinary sight me my eyes: a 'tank' came rolling up, as it were, at full speed, firing its guns indiscriminately in all directions. Its occupants were invisible. I ducked quickly below.

'What is the meaning of all this?' I asked, turning to my acquaintance.

'Meaning of it? Nothing! It's just a couple of "comrades" out to give the people a scare and to show them who's boss of the town.' He pronounced the word 'comrades' with contempt.

We ventured up the stairs again.

'Look!' he said, pointing to the tank, now in the distance. It appeared to be going slowly now, in zigzag fashion, still firing its broadsides. 'They are probably drunk,' he went on, 'there has been a sacking of wine-cellars, this past fortnight or so. They do what they like, and there's no one to stop them, for they've got all the weapons. And there's no police. Five thousand robberies a night my friend. I'd advise you, old chap, not to go out at night in your best clothes. A good suit of clothes fetches as much as fifty pounds, and these "comrade" chaps don't stop at undressing you in the street, and leaving you in your undershirt, be the night ever so cold. They shoot you afterwards if they don't like your face. They can get more bullets where the first came from. They have no respect for women either. I've known them to drag a woman out of a taxi for to get her "glad rags," as the Yanks would say. What can you expect when you have an ex-criminal for Chief of Police and a Conscientions Objector as General of the Red Army? That's a strange thing about some of these pacifists; they objected to killing Germans but they don't mind killing Englishmen. Red Army is a good name for them. Only this morning I ran across a pool of blood in Trafalgar Square. The usual thing. People are so foolish to be walking in such a lonely spot at night.'

A great fear began to gnaw its way into my heart. Much depressed, I left may way towards the Embankment.

For the first time I noticed that many buildings were decorated with flags, which, judging from their appearance, must have been at one time red, but which were now faded by the rains to a dirty black, and were so tattered as to make their original shape almost unrecognisable. And, gazing upon these once-proud emblems of revolution, I reflected 'They must have been once as bright as the hopes of the people, and the people's hopes must be by now as faded and as tattered as these flag.s' Such, as I began more and more to discover, was indeed the case.

Upon reaching the Embankment, I barely had time to glance at the wonderful river, which had been made historic by English free men, and had hardly more than noted its now dismal, deadlike appearance, free of those lively picturesque processions of barges that I once used to know, when rude sounds of lashing as with a whip assailed my ears, sounds punctuated by loud, foul curses.

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I turned to look, and to my amazement witnessed a sight I had never witnessed in London before, to wit: a thin, quite emaciated horse, which had evidently slipped under its heavy burden on the ill-kept pavement, was lying with its legs bent under it, and, straining under the regular and well-laid-on fullswing lashes of the driver's whip, it was making desperate efforts to rise, without success; and this failure on the beast's part aroused those foul-mouthed imprecations already alluded to, impossible of repetition here. Incensed at the brutal treatment of the helpless beast, I wished to cry out, I wish to run and plant my fingers on the driver's throat, but as happens in drems I remained 'rooted to the spot,' unable even to cry out. Presently I heard a voice, that of a bystander:

'The rotter! He wouldn't have dared to do that during the old regime. That's what comes of not having any police. Any old bounder can do as he likes, and there's no one to stop him.'

'The poor old beast has worn out his shoes, that's how he came to slip,' said an old gentleman with a kindly face that belonged to gone-by days, 'and new shoes cost a fortune. It's pretty rough on the horse, whichever way you look at it.'

'What's become of the Society of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?' asked a little old woman in an anxious voice.

'Disbanded, of course!' replied a man's gruff voice. 'Counter-revolutionaries.'

The crowd grew, and everybody talked, but the man kept on beating his horse. Sickened by the sight I moved on. Had I known that I was making for more gruesome sights I would have remained where I was.

The whole Embankment had an unfamiliar appearance. Some of the railings, which in the old days I often had leant upon to look at my beloved river, were broken down, the Embankment itself was badly in need of repairs; apart from this, at short intervals, the sidewalk was piled up with discarded tins and all sorts of refuse. The river too locked dirty, and large collections were floating with the tide. With horror I noticed a dead human body floating peacefully along, seawards.

My reflections were again suddenly disturbed, this time by riflefiring. I ran with the crowd towards Westminster Bridge, I paused for a moment with many other spectators near the railing, and what I saw chilled me to the morrow.

JOHN COURNOS, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

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